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## Where Did She Get It?

By ALAN HINSDALE

Jim Wardfield and I were chums at college, and Jim invited me to spend the holidays with him. We arrived late at night. The next morning I arose early and went downstairs.

In the library warming her hands before an open fire was a little girl about nine years of age. Her young face was the very antithesis of the familiar witch warming her hands, but there was in it an intelligence beyond the child's years.

"You're Jim's chum, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes."

"Is your college are they all men?"

"They are."

"Men think they know a lot, don't they?"

"A-ha! I perceive that you are one of the voices for women party, or your mother is. Since you are too young to hit upon this reform yourself I presume you get it from mamma."

The mother affirmed our denial, but continued her accusations upon me.

"Don't you think that when a woman marries it's mighty natural she should give up her name and be tagged on to her husband?" she asked.

"If that was not done, what would be the names of the children? What's your first name?"

"Imoge."

"Well, suppose you grow up and are married. But perhaps since you don't like the man you won't ever be married."

"Yes, I will. Do you think I want to be an old maid? But I won't take my husband's name, though."

"You'll be Imogen Wardfield. Now, suppose you marry a boy of the name of Brown. What will your daughter's name be?"

"She'll be Imogen Brown Wardfield."

"And suppose she marries Mr. Jaeger. What will their daughter's name be?"

"Why, it can be Imogen Brown-Jaeger-Wardfield."

"And suppose this girl marries Mr. Smith. What will be their daughter's name?"

"Imogen Brown-Jones-Smith-Wardfield. But she needn't keep them all. She can be the same as I am—Imogen Wardfield."

I marveled. She had been too smart for me. Why not retain the name of Wardfield instead of the names of the successive husbands?

Is your mother president of a woman's organization for propagation of the voice for women's cause?"

"No. Mamma doesn't take any interest in that."

"Well, I'm sorry that you have imbibed such notions."

"Why, don't you think women ought to vote?"

"No. I'm an adult. I don't like that sort of women. I'll never marry one of them."

The child's attention was attracted from me to some one who entered the room at the moment. Turning, I faced a young lady.

"Good morning, Mr. Ellis," she said, putting out her hand. "I'm Jim's sister Alice. We've heard a lot about you from Jim and have wished to see you for some time. Run away, Imogen!"

Imogen went out of the room, leaving me alone with her older sister. After a few general remarks I asked:

"From whom does the little girl imbibe her prejudices against men?"

Has she such a prejudice? She certainly cannot have imbibed it from me. I have no such prejudice myself."

Other members of the family came into the room and the matter of women's aspirations was not again mentioned. We all went in to breakfast together and my visit had begun.

If Jim had invited me down for my company he must have been disappointed. I spent most of my time with his sister, who was a very pretty and otherwise attractive girl. I saw nothing more of Imogen, but became so wrapped up in Alice that I forgot to pursue my inquiries as to whom the child had derived her ideas from with regard to men. Her mother was a very familiar woman, and as for Alice, she was gentle as a dove. At any rate, if she regarded men as tyrants she surely excused me, for she accorded every attention I gave her, and when I left the house the day before the opening of the new year I certainly had made myself an object of interest to the rest of the family as a possible party for the oldest daughter.

When the spring recess occurred I availed myself of it to go down and see Alice again and proposed to her. I was duly accepted and rejoiced in the prospect of possessing one of the most unobtrusive, self-esteeming young women I had ever met.

I was graduated in June and went to the city. There I encountered a convention of suffragists. On the day following my arrival there was a large feminine parade. Curiosity led me to stand on a curb and view the procession. What was my surprise to see in the lead of one of the divisions mounted astride in man's riding costume, my friend, Alice Wardfield!

As soon as I was apprised of her return to her home I called.

"Why have you concealed from me that you are a suffragist?" I asked.

"I haven't concealed. I have merely not mentioned it. The morning after your arrival I heard you say to Imogen that you would not marry a suffragist. I determined that you should."

And she had her way. All women, before marriage and after marriage. Why they want my more of the way, if that were possible, I can't imagine.

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